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EAST AND WEST SERIES

Nos. 95-96 September, 1965

9/244

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IMPORTANT

We owe an apology to our readers for being irregular in issuing the " Series " during the last few months. We, however, assure our subscribers that we shall give them 12 numbers for their annual subscription of Rs. 3/– or 8s. or $ 1·50,—even if it takes more than a year to issue them. Every double number will be counted as equal to two numbers.

The current issue is a double number. Our next issue is expected to be out in the month of October.

—The Manager

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MESSAGES AND BLESSINGS

Please tell Dadaji that I am mad after his books. They are all God-inspired.

Only India can produce a saint of his type. The world is being dominated by matter and money bags. Unless the spirit of religion penetrates into the lives of our leaders and statesmen and expresses itself in the transactions of their daily lives, there is no hope for our world. May Dadaji's divine call awaken many thinking people to the one reality of life!

Even as the sun, the wind and the rain cannot be compensated for the services they are rendering daily to all living beings, even so Dadaji cannot be compensated for his services. May he have a long and healthy life to fulfil his divine mission on earth!

M. R. Subramaniam
Bruas, Malaysia

I cannot tell in words the immense benefit and guidance I derive from "Mira" and "East and West Series." It is my blessed fortune to be under the influence of a great soul like Dadaji.

N. V. Ramanamoorthy
Visakhapatnam

My heart is filled with joy, whenever I receive the "East and West Series."

N. H. Chandwani
Bombay

I like the "Series." It is full of profound thoughts. It purifies the mind, fills me with good cheer and gives me the strength to face the hard battle of life. Long live Dadaji!

Avtar Singh
Faridabad

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FOREWORD

Some of my dreams and thoughts and aspirations are before you, reader ! in the following pages. They are lifted from a note-book in which I put down, from time to time, my meditations upon the Mystery that has sent us out of silence into the fields of life.

Many of the thoughts brought together in this little volume were jotted down by me on my bed of illness many years ago. Moving out for my evening stroll, I was run over by a carriage. I lay unconscious for some time. I was laid up for four months and more. A period of suffering, said kind friends. But is suffering without value ?

Look at yon flower! Crushed, it gives out fragrance ! Suffering gives added strength to inner aspirations. It brings blessings from the All-Blessed One. "As gold is tried by fire, so the heart must be tried by pain."

Confined to my room, I lived, largely, in an Inner Realm. Again and again, there came to me a feeling that I was a citizen of a Kingdom more wonderful than this Earth. Unable to move out, I yet through the window of my little room, greeted the dawn and saluted the setting sun, and gazed at the moon and the stars, and watched the flight of the birds and listened to voices of the wind. A mystic poet of my native place rightly says :—

Through the window we beheld the Beautiful One;
He peeped; He passed on !

Is not suffering a shadow of His coming ? The shock of pain is a call to us of the Timeless Self, the *Atman*. It is a proof of our kinship with the Infinite Mystery that has established the universe in sacrifice.

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This thought of kinship with the Cosmic Self takes not a little of sorrow and pain away from human hearts.

One day, as I lay ill, I had a strange fever-dream. I dreamt that there were many running in a course. They were running in excitement. One man went headlong in, and was lost to view. I, too, went in. I, too, ran in the course. I ran and ran : then, for a moment, I paused, and thought, and awoke ! And waking from the fever-dream, I said :— "O men ! pause ye and think and awake!"

These words, also, sound the essential appeal of these pages. They make no attempt at offering a philosophic system. But they have, I submit, a view point.

It will be seen that I am no advocate of that theory which would mechanise and materialise life. Taine was a great scholar; but he missed, as it seems to me, the truth of life when he said :—"History is a mechanical problem." History is to me like the mirror kept in some Buddhist temples,—the mirror that symbolises, I submit, not illusion but the reflective activity of the Creative Spirit. Or looked at differently, history,—may I not say,—is the wheel of *karma* turned not by fate but by the *Atman?* To me life is something more than a "phenomenon," a "becoming." Life has values.

These values belonging, as they do, to an internal realm, are to many practical men, no better than dreams. These values, I humbly submit, give meaning and beauty to life. These values are hinted at, suggested, affirmed, in these pages. To interpret these values,—Truth, Beauty, Goodness,—critically, and indicate their character as members of a system, a synthesis expressive of the Life of the *Atman* or the Creative Spirit,—is what is aimed at by a philosophy of life.

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PRASNOTTARA

[*Questions and Answers*]

WHAT is that which ends not with the end of life? Love.

Which is the best school of philosophy? *Satsang* or silence.

Which fire is the best? The purifying *agni* of wisdom.

Which fire is the worst? The flame of hate.

Where was Love created? In the heart of blessed beauty.

Where is the throne of Love? In the temple of sacrifice.

Where is His Kingdom? In the heart of him who dies daily.

Where are the images of the Formless One? In space and history.

Where are His lights? In the days of eternity.

Where are His arrows? In the sinner's wounded heart.

Why are mine eyes touched with tears as I sit in silence? I see the Beloved before me.

Why is Love dumb? Its message is endless.

Wilt thou know God? Then know thyself.

Wilt thou learn wisdom? Then make nature thy teacher.

Wilt thou keep thy mind as the peaceful sea? Then practise meditation.

Wilt thou see the drooping flowers revived in the garden of thy soul? Then listen to Krishna's Flute.

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UNTO THE NATION'S YOUTH

THE Nation needs today a message of *shakti*, of strength that flames as sacrifice.

This symbol of *agni*, the flame of sacrifice, speaks to me the secret at once of the India that was and a greater India that may go again upon her mission as a world teacher, as a servant of Humanity.

India was great in the day she was strong in the life of the Spirit.

Today, India lies in the dust, for her children have changed the pearls of the Rishis for the glittering tinsel of a civilisation whose gods are greed and *bhoga* (sense-indulgence).

Let this be my word to the Nation's youth :—Be simple and strong as the flame! The centuries are around you,—not dead but asleep! They will wake up with their song of wisdom to the touch of *tapasya*. And they will tell you, O children of India, worn with many wanderings,—they will tell you that your Freedom is not in assemblies and loksabhas, but in the inner Spirit.

Strengthen it with *brahmacharya*, with service of the poor and lowly, with the *tapasya* of truth and love. Out of strength will grow greatness, and out of greatness, freedom.

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WHERE IS PEACE?

THE opening verse in the *Chhandogya Upanishad* is named the "Peace Chant."

Shanti, peace, is the word on which close Hindu prayers and scriptures. The watchword of our age is progress. We talk of civilisation. Where is peace?

Commercialism, overgrowth in cities, economic antagonisms, class-strifes, passion and hate! Where is peace?

Commercial values have become our primary concern. Life's deeper values are ignored. External achievements are extolled. The beauty of inner life is disregarded. There is a world-weariness. Where is peace?

"We have ourselves created an immoral or unmoral social environment,"—is the severe indictment of Wallace in his book named *Social Environment and Moral Progress*. The Hindu *Rishi*, the seer of the *Upanishad*, felt at home with the universe. The world seems alien to us. It is no wonder we ask :—Where is peace?

Peace, *shanti*, is in responsiveness to the universe,—in harmony with the World-Whole. To feel disturbed by external things, to find desires fighting as rebels against life,—is to lack in peace.

The Rishi lived a life of response to the universe. He did not think it worth while to gather silver and gold. He preferred simplicity to prominence and possessions. Simplicity is the discipline which prepares the seeker to tread the path of peace. True mysticism is the practice of this peace in daily life.

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RELIGION IS HEALTH

THE "Peace Chant" in the Upanishad begins with the words :—"May my senses grow in perfection!"

A strange declaration this,—you will say. Strange but true. For true mysticism is not asceticism.

The Upanishads teach no dismal asceticism, no arrogant pessimism. Over and over again, do the Upanishads sing :—From Joy has proceeded all that is, and unto Joy shall all return."

The ancient seer sang in the fullness of joy, and in glad loving communion with flowers and forests and birds and waters and the wind and the many wonders of form and life which spend themselves in beauty and song. The Upanishads, as I understand them, are essentially optimistic, idealistic, full of reverence for life and forms of life in the human and sub-human kingdoms.

The Rishi could hardly sympathise with the attitude of Suso fixing between his shoulders a wooden cross filled with spikes and bearing it "in honour of his crucified Lord!" The Rishi rather prayed:—"May my senses grow in perfection!"

Lacerations of the body will not lead Godward. For the body is an element in self-realisation. The natural is not cut off from the spiritual. The senses are gates of knowledge.

Economic interpretations of history are inadequate, but they point to an element of truth : the spiritual life of a nation is influenced by its economic forces. The physical has its influence on the spiritual.

Walt Whitman went too far in his glorification of the body : but it must be admitted that physical culture has its place in spiritual life.

The Buddhists have a beautiful theory that *sanskaras* build

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up the man : and *sanskaras* are produced by man's contact with his environment. So it was that in the ancient past, the student of religious knowledge (*Brahmavidya*) and the seeker after higher life were asked to observe *brahmacharya*. So were the senses trained : so was the body built up strong and pure. How otherwise would it respond to higher vibrations and be a vehicle of the spiritual life of the universe?

"May my senses grow in perfection!" The Rishi is anxious to avoid the extremes of asceticism and epicureanism. The ancient Romans had in their mansions a vomitarium,—a sink outside the dressing room,—and the guests would go to the vomitarium to vomit what they ate and drank to excess and then returned to eat and drink again! Such habits must cause a decay of the senses.

The Rishi prayed that his senses might grow in perfection. And there is no growth in perfection without purity. That is the truth trampled upon by some of the gifted men of modern Europe who believe that "life is a kind of diffused sensuality,—a knowledge offered to all the senses, a substance good to smell, to touch, to eat." This "gospel" of "diffused sensuality" is one extreme, as contempt for the senses is another.

The senses are manifestations,—instruments of the Soul. Earth-life must miss its purpose if it will despise, not utilise, matter. It is urged that the end of life is emancipation from flesh. But this very emancipation is not possible without a preparation secured through contact with matter. The ascetic would avoid contact with matter. The feat is impossible. The refined epicure would live a life of "diffused sensuality." The task is pleasant but devitalising. The senses must be pure. When they are either over-fed or starved, the result is weakness, disease, hallucinations. And Patanjali rightly urges that *yoga* is not to be taught to those whose bodies are unsound. Religion is health.

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BLESSED ARE THE PURE!

"MAY my senses grow in perfection!" And the very first sense mentioned is *vak*.

Vak is voice, utterance, sound, speech. It is that which makes intercommunion possible. It is the other side of thought.

Vak must be purified if one would grow in the perfect life. Utter what you believe to be true. Stifle not the utterance, the sound of your soul,—by conventions, customs, fossilised traditions. Speak out the truth,—but not in bitterness. Purify your *vak* by means of love: don't wound your brother's feelings. Is it that his form of worship does not appeal to you? Call him not an "idolator" on that account. But utter to him the highest in you in words of love, and your words will tell. Haven't you noted how the *vak*, the speech, the word of a *bhakta*, a *sadhu*, a pure and lofty soul, comes with a special meaning to the heart? Such *vak* is pure. It has *shabda shakti*. So it touches the chord of the heart. The soul vibrates in response and experiences joy.

Nor need this *vak* be many words or any words at all. There are times when the soul speaks through silence.

So Buddha, when pestered with many questions concerning the world's constitution, spoke not and brought peace to many a struggling heart.

So Sri Chaitanya, when abused, spoke not, but by means of a silent utterance of the soul laid a mighty spell upon evil-doers and won them to the way of wisdom.

Never a servant of God but suffers much and says little, seeking through silence to touch the souls of others.

Of William Dent, a well-known Quaker, it is said :—"His face spoke of indwelling light and peace with all mankind.

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When words came, they were few and weighty." Fourteen miles would he drive to attend the Friends' meeting of worship. And at one such meeting, he rose and said, "God is Love,"—and then sat down again. But this three-word sermon created a profound impression. "No listener," we are told, "forgot the sermon."

Such men practise the presence of God. And they are silent before the Lord or only utter a few words He puts in their mouths.

"In sound I speak :
They speak by silence."

Next to *vak* is *prana*. *Prana*, too, must be purified if we would grow in perfection. *Prana* is personified in the Vedas and is called Prajapati. It means "life-breath," "respiration." Often we control speech but not the vibrations of *prana* : and we get bad dreams. So train yourself in the school of self-mastery, that your dream-state, your subconscious life, may also be good and pure.

Did you see Titian's "Christ at Emmaus?" How calm is the face of Christ! Christ did not talk much. But his *prana* was so pure, so powerful, that he worked miracles. Jesus was a great healer of men because his *prana* was pure. And men of prayer like George Muller have, even in our days, worked wonders because with purity of *prana* they took counsel with the Soul of the universe : and ever the answer comes in accordance with our aspirations.

Next to *prana* is *chakshu* which is interpreted as sight. If only we realised how many sins are due to sight! A volume could be written on "modern degradation through sight,"—degradation due to dances, balls, theatres, cinemas, caricatures, sensational novels.

There is the story of a Hindu devotee who plucked off his eyes and became sightless to escape the sins due to sight!

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Did not Blessed Jesus say :—" If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it off" ?

When the sense of sight is pure, no object is coveted and things are felt to be but passing apparitions of the One Glory. Nature then becomes a sense-symbolism and the visible a hint of the higher Glory. Things are theophanies: every form has its original in the Place-less World : and Beauty is a glimpse of the Beloved who invites us, through the things that are seen, to the threshold of His courtyard to commune with His Face covered with the Eternal Flame.

Next comes *shrotrah* : this, too, must be purified. *Shrotrah* means "hearing." To listen to gossip, idle talk, cruel criticism, is to indulge in sins due to hearing. The rule enjoined by India's sadhus is,—hear only the good concerning others. None is absolutely bad : each is fundamentally good. This is the higher optimism of the Hindu devotee. Man is made of his *sanskaras* : he is as his impressions are.

And so in books of the past we read how great was the value attached to hearing the Name of God. Even now the beggar in India solicits aid by singing the Name of God. And when Sri Chaitanya went upon his mission, the one method he followed was to wander from street to street and sing the Sacred Name.

So train yourself that you may hear the Harmony, the Great Word, of the Universe. So purify yourself that you may hear the message of the Universe. Genius is more than "capacity for taking pains." Genius is hearkening to Voices of life and nature.

The singers of the Upanishads heard the *mantras*, the *devavani*, "the Word" of the Shining Ones. For you, too, my brother! the Eternal has a voice or message, a word of power. For you, too, there is a call of the *Satguru*, the call of your Higher Self. Only rise above the assaults of

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the senses. And you will hear the Self of your "soul," and the strings of your heart, touched by the Unseen One, will burst into music, and you will hear nature utter the Name of the Beautiful One.

And then comes *bala*, which means "vital sense" or "bodily vigour." One of the saddest things in modern life is want of recognition of the sanctity of the vital force, the creative force in man. And what is the result? Confusion of *varnas*, weak bodies, premature deaths!

India cannot be great if Indian bodies are not strongly built. The bodily vigour, *bala*, must be used for the service of India. Religion is meant to build up manhood : and true manhood is ever ready to offer itself on the altar of service. Develop your bodily vigour. Use it in the service of man, and you will be as the bright gay grass, humble yet strong.

One by one the senses must be purified and thus prepared to assimilate the daily developing wonder of the world.

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THE PATH OF TRUTH

THE one rule to follow is this :—Obedience to the Ideal. Nietzsche said :—"Morality is the greatest enemy of life and all that is fundamental in life." In contrast to this is the vision of the Rishi who sang the truth that life, at its highest, is the Good bursting into varied forms. Morality is at the heart of life. Morality touches the very roots of Reality. Hence the aspiration of the ancient singer that the senses may grow in perfection through purity, through obedience to the moral Law.

And this is followed by yet another aspiration :—"May Brahma-Upanishad be my all-in-all !" May I interpret Brahma-Upanishad to mean "sitting at the feet of *Brahman*,"—clinging to the lotus-feet of *Brahman*, the Spirit of Truth? Religion consists in clinging to the Truth, come weal or woe.

In the Buddhist books we read that when the Illumination came to Buddha, he was, at first, reluctant to preach it to others, being afraid lest they might trample upon his teaching. Then came the Great Spirit,—*Brahma Sahampati*,—urging Buddha to go and proclaim the Doctrine of the Truth, or else the world would be ruined!

So it is that the martyrs of Truth have clung to Her,—careless of consequences. Abused, stoned at, persecuted, crucified, flung into the flames, they still have clung to the lotus-feet of Truth. Therefore do we revere the Truth-proclaimers as true servants of the race.

May not the expression *Brahma-Upanishad*, also, mean "the mystical meaning or mystery of *Brahman*"? The Upanishads, as I understand them, are a protest against the aberrations of "rationalism."

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It is true there is a "rationalising" tendency in the Upanishads : the un-Vedic idea of an external *yagna* or sacrifice is rationalised in the Upanishads, which develop the idea o an internal *yagna*,—sacrifice of the "ego" or "self." But this is higher rationalism. The lower rationalism which glorifies logic-chopping "understanding",—ignoring the luminous wholes of intuition,—is conspicuous by its absence from the Upanishads. And over and over again, is the note sounded that the Truth, the *Brahman*, the Ultimate Reality, is a Mystery,—an ecstatic Mystery not understood through "arguments" but reverently adored and gazed at by the soul. Beauty, Goodness, Love,—the Wonder in the dust, the Glory in the cloud,—the many forms of Reality,—are a communication of the Spirit to the spirits, a revelation, a self-offering of the Eternal to the human heart.

No argument, no ritual, may grasp the Eternal. His Grace is needed. "The Supreme," we read in the books, "is not to be attained by lectures, nor by arguments, nor by learning, but by him whom the Supreme draws by Grace." And we are told further that His Grace comes with daily dependence on the Divine. The doctrine concerning this may well be called the *Brahma Upanishad*.

Whatever the interpretation we may accept, one point is clear : the aspiration of the ancient singer is that the Truth may be his all-in-all. And if Truth be *ananda*, Love-Joy, am I wrong in saying that the soul that longs for Truth must practise daily dependence on the Divine? For Truth is more than intellectual interpretations : it is more than the made truth of "pragmatism." That great thinker, Croce, has well observed :—"Whoever in thinking says, 'Thus I will it,' is lost for Truth." The mystic knows that Truth comes through fellowship, through communion, the finding of ourselves in the Self,—the Parent-Spirit of all.

Complete self-surrender to the Supreme God,—this, then,

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is the way a man must tread if he is to know the Truth. For only as you strive to be true, will the Truth respond to you. And so the great exponents of Truth lived a life of self-dedication to the Ideal. In this age of hustling and hurry, we need to remind ourselves, again and again, of this ancient prayer :—"May the *Brahma Upanishad* be my all-in-all!"

The dominating civilisations of today are commercial, external, aggressive. To men and women who feel that the surroundings of life are stern and the world-pressure heavy, I fain would say :—Remember the teaching of the Upanishad. Purify your senses, and breathe out an aspiration that the Supreme may show you the beauty of life and the wonder of the universe! For ever the law is true, that every aspiration comes back to you as an achievement. And what you earnestly long for you will, one day, attain. Aspire! Aspire! believing that the Good Law never fails. What veils His Beauty is your own little self. Fling that aside! And freed from the pain of speech, you will pass into the peace that is joy!

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THE FLUTE

These broken melodies and broken songs remind me of the Lord of the "Broken Cup" and of his flute.

Krishna's flute is like the fisherman's net cast into the sea. The flute entraps the heart.

The flute looks a simple, little thing,—made of a bamboo. But it is a dangerous trap!

Who can hear the flute unmoved?

Its melody is so strange! It makes the very stones melt in love.

How I tremble as I hear the flute in silence or amid crowds!

To listen to the flute is to shed tears.

To listen to the flute is to forget the world.

To listen to the flute is to lose myself as the sage loses himself in silence.

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THE SPIRIT OF SILENCE

THE civilisation of sounds and noise will not satisfy the seeker. And again and again will he long to escape to silence for that freedom which is beyond politics to achieve.

* * *

For freedom and happiness go together. Look at the birds that fly! Look at yon sparrows! How happy they feel! And they worry not. If you would be free and so be happy, don't worry! Learn to commune with the spirit of silence. The Spirit of God,—is He not the Great Silent One? God the Silent Watcher! Cling to Him! Let go the rest!

* * *

How oft we confound activity with noise! The feverish activity of our days is but the *excitement* in which we lay waste our inner powers.

* * *

Love of noise means waste of energy. Love of noise leads to aggressiveness. It is on the increase. Replace it by courtesy. Courtesy to all, including those who oppose and malign and persecute you. For on every one is stamped an image of the King. St. Francis said :—"Courtesy is one of the attributes of God. He of His courtesy gives His sun and rain to the just and the unjust. And courtesy is the sister of charity of which hatred is extinguished and love cherished."

In the Glory of the Hidden, He shines. Silently He teaches, and silently He works. The Rishis of yore taught the mysteries in silence; and the heroes were men not of words but of strong silent action.

Jesus, soon after he was brought up for trial, entered into

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silence and so gathered strength to endure pain and hate.

The wonderful wall-paintings of Ajanta are the work of artists who lived in loneliness for long periods.

Thomas Edison, the famous inventor, remained deaf from deliberate choice. He refused to undergo an operation to restore hearing. For he said he wanted time to think. And he rightly urged that thinking would be better when the noise of the world would be shut out! "I have learned to think," Edison remarked, "by being shut away from confusion and sound."

* * *

It is the little-minded who are noisy. The truly great,—the Masters,—have sacrificed themselves so that the Great Silence may work through them to help evolution.

* * *

True love is not noisy, not showy. It works silently. The deepest love for the Lord can only be expressed in silence. To expose love is to spoil it and do harm to its beauty and divinity.

* * *

The *Devas*, the Shining Ones, are around you. But you will not hear their voices as long as you are not dissatisfied with the life of dis-equilibrium.

* * *

Cinema films show us fragments, not a synthesis. Alas! it is the cinema-view of life we take : we do not see life's reality. We oft play with illusions. To transcend them, we must practise detachment, withdrawal, from time to time. Meditation is withdrawal to a realm of the Within.

* * *

What is God? Silence! The Highest is the Nameless. So Buddha said :—

Who asks doth err :
Who answers errs :

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Say nought!

And Goethe re-worded the wisdom of the Rishis in beautiful words :—

Who dares express Him?
The All-upholder
Enfolds, upholds He not
Thee, me, Himself?

* * *

Blessed is he who becomes like mirror,—a reflection of the Master!

* * *

Nature has an inner life, for there is growth in nature. You need silence to commune with this inner life.

* * *

In moments of silence, I have had a mystic feeling that "things" are not soul-less. Methinks, they have, sometimes, a dim feeling of the festival of life which is at the heart of things.

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OPENING OF THE INNER DOOR

An ashrama, a College of mystics, is needed,—a fellowship of those who would dedicate themselves entirely to the study of the spiritual. We have students of physics, chemistry, biology, psychology, literature, arts, metaphysic. Where are the students of the *Atman*, the Self?

* * *

Many theologians! But they often are dogmatic. And they often talk from the tomes. The world needs psychologists in religion,—men who would talk from spiritual experience. God-consciousness in the soul is worth all the books of all the theologians.

* * *

Naturalism cannot go beyond nature. Humanism is satisfied with actual humanity. Beyond both is the Spirit immanent in both. God, the Great *Atman*, escapes both naturalism and humanism. Naturalism can explain some physical aspects but not the movement of life nor its origin, final end, and destiny.

* * *

The only refutation, I think, of scepticism is *Atmadarshan*. Shankara refuted Buddhist scepticism on the bases of the *Veda*. There is the *Jeevan Veda*,—the Scripture of Life. If thou hast not met the *Atman* there, thou wilt not meet Him elsewhere.

* * *

Einstein showed that the language of some of the great mysteries of the universe is mathematics. It is the language of the mind. If so, am I wrong in saying that the universe is of the mind, is rational ? But this may not be called a "proof" of God. Far from looking for "proofs"

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of God in nature or history, I regard God,—the *Atman*,—as the "proof," because the truth and substance, of life and nature. They have no meaning without Him. Eliminate the *Atman* and the world becomes *Maya*.

* * *

Not a few have *intellectual* notions of God. How to convert them into *consciousness* of the *Atman*? Many speak from books. Some from thinking. But the mystics, the *dervishes*, speak from God-consciousness. They have opened the door, and they receive His revelation. They press the electric button and see the Light. Porphyry tells us how twice in his life Plotinus saw God, but not with his brain. "I even, Porphyry, in my 78th year found God once!"

* * *

This *Atma-darshana* is often as a sudden opening of the inner door when you see without understanding much, yet enough to assure you that you are in the presence of what is vast and wonderful.

* * *

It is no medievalism, I advocate. *Atma-darshana* is incomplete without a vision of God in man. But medievalism was turned towards an exclusively transcendent God and forgot humanity.

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MAN AND SUPERMAN

The Absolute is not in a remote region. The Absolute is the immanent Spirit. The Absolute is the *Atman*. The World-Ground is the World-Soul.

Nature, man, superman,—here is the trinity of *Atman*.

Is He not immanent in nature?

"What is God?" asked Seneca, and he answered :—"The Mind of the Universe."

The *prana* of nature is the *Atman*.

And is He not the Indwelling Spirit of man and history? In a profound sense, the deepest Self in man is God. And who if not He is incarnate in the evolution of humanity? The "*demon*" of Socrates is immanent in every one.

Did you never feel the spiritual influence of nature? Did you never feel a thrill, standing on a mountain height, or looking at the stars, or listening to the notes of the song-bird, or gazing at the beauty of the rose?

Not a man but hears some whisper within him of *viveka*. Is not *viveka* a fragment of God in every man? A fuller expression is attained in the lives of the supermen adored as *Avataras*.

Man must become a superman: and every individual's destiny is to be not a being impervious or impenetrable to the Infinite but a centre of *Ishwara's* plan and will. You, my brother, you, too, are destined to become a Krishna, a Buddha, a Jesus.

But you must learn to die daily. Without death is no man perfected. Life's consummation is sacrifice. As an ancient scripture saith :—"In all the world there is not a spot so large as a mustard-seed where the Buddha hath not renounced himself for the good of the creatures." Renounce, renounce—if you will attain!

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"Like the sun," says the Rishi of the *Brahmasutra*, "seemingly multiplied by reflection, though really simple, and like space apparently divided in containing vessels but, really, without division, the Supreme Light is without difference and without division."

To have even a dim consciousness of this "Supreme Light without difference and without division" is to have a glorious sense of a new attainment.

* * *

There are stages in the growth of God-consciousness. Is sin-consciousness, also, a stage? From it we pass on to reconciliation-consciousness through repentance. With this consciousness comes a feeling of a transmutation, a rebirth, a new creation.

At last comes the stage when the consciousness is one of at-one-ment with the One. The human moves in the Divine, as the fish in the sea.

Is not the same thought expressed, in a different way, by the mystic author of the *German Theology*? He says with reference to Jesus :—"Christ's human nature was utterly bereft of self and was nothing else but a house and habitation of God."

Mystic union with God in all finite relations is life's highest attainment.

* * *

The man of God-consciousness, in his words, in his silence, in his contact with others, sends out vibrations of help and healing. Such a man serves the world not so much by a system of thought he may expound as by the *shakti* of his own life and person.

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God-consciousness when heightened rejoices alone in Him. Its language is a lyric cry :—"Lord! by Thy flute I swear, I know none but Thee!"

* * *

Physiologically, seeing occurs in complete darkness of the interior of the skull. We see light in absolute darkness. Here is the mystery of vision! What is true physiologically is yet more true spiritually. The Ineffable Light of the *Atman* is seen in the Cave of the Heart!

* * *

A seeker asked :—"O Lord! when wilt Thou show Thyself to me?" And a voice answered :—"After ten years!" And the seeker said:—"So late! Then must I abandon the quest."

Another seeker asked :—"When, O Lord! wilt Thou show Thyself to me?" And a voice answered—"After as many years as the number of leaves in the forest!" And he said in gratitude :—"Blessed am I, for I shall see the Lord some day!"

* * *

None may see God without discipline. Live in the world, but be not led away by it. Control it! Don't let it control you! For, as an Eastern book expresses it, the world is like a dancing girl, dancing before a king, deceiving him and beguiling him!

* * *

Plato has a beautiful "myth." It is a picture of a mystic's vision of God. The soul is represented as rising in a chariot into the sphere of the Real to behold the Beauty that is God. But the sight of the supernal Beauty is fugitive: for one of the two horses which drive the chariot is passion, and it plunges from time to time, refusing to be driven. Control the horse passion, if you would behold the Lord!

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GREET THY GOD IN MAYA

THERE are three marks of the mystic in whom has been opened the centre of *Atma-darshana*:—(1) *tapasya*,—born of inner renunciation; (2) humility, born of love for all; (3) purity,—deepened by vision of God the Beautiful.

* * *

Not alone through saints does the *Atman* express Himself. A sinner, too, may become His vehicle. Life's most blessed moments are those in which we feel that we are, in howsoever small a measure, the conductors of His electricity, the carriers of His message and presence.

* * *

God's revelation to Moses, we read, came in the thorn bush. The bush represents *Maya*. To greet God in *Maya* is the call of spiritual life. The thorn bush is the hardest of all the trees, and is prickly. Such is *Maya*. Art thou disappointed, depressed? The *Atman* is seeking utterance through thee. He wants thee to express Him. Therefore take courage! Re-enforce thy faith! Greet thy God in *Maya*! Remember, each suffers for the service of all. Thy sufferings are thy contribution to evolution.

* * *

This *Atma-darshana*, like the sea overflowing the land, flooded the life of India in the long ago,—flooded the ancient Aryan life in different departments. There was the pressure of the spiritual upon different spheres,—art, literature, science, commerce, politics, religion. *Atma-darshana* was the secret of the glory that was Aryavarta.

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THE NOTE UNIVERSAL

If I were asked, "What is the note universal in all religions?" I would say :—"God is Love."

This is the profoundest teaching of world faiths and world scriptures. This note in different ways is the deepest note sounded by the prophets and saints of different climes and ages.

Turn to the Vedas, those wonderful books which reflect the higher consciousness not alone of the Hindus but, also, I submit, of the world's Aryan peoples. The Vedas speak of God as the Father who loveth all. And the teaching is given :—"Look ye on all with the eye of love."

The Upanishads speak, again and again, of *Brahman* as *Anandam*, the Bliss Eternal. The Gita sings of *yoga*,—union with the All. Love, indeed, is *yoga*,—synthesis of all values, union of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful. The Teacher of the Gita,—was he not the Flute-Player? And the joy the Flute expressed,—was it not the joy of love? Sri Krishna taught and sang and lived the wisdom of love.

And Sri Chaitanya of Bengal,—did he not sing of love and the Lord of love? Sri Chaitanya returns from Gaya,—a changed man! No longer a dry-as-dust scholar but a devotee, a servant of love. And he moves from place to place bearing witness to love. Boys pursue him : some tease him : some think he is mad. He smiles and only utters :—"Krishna! Krishna!"

And Jesus! many of my countrymen fight shy of him. "A stranger!" they say. Jesus was a *yogi*! Think not of him as a stranger. An Oriental was this *yogi*,—and more. A manuscript discovered, many, many years ago, by Roerich

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in a Buddhist monastery refers to Jesus as Isa. And of Isa we read that he came to India and stayed in Tibet for some time studying, as it seems to me, Hindu-Buddhist systems of *yoga* and spiritual science. At the age of twenty-nine or thirty, we read, Isa returned to Palestine. He carried to his countrymen the message of the ancient wisdom of the East. He spoke to them of God as Love.

And Muhammad? Is not he, too, a Prophet? You must not confound the *shariat* with his message, as you must not identify the creeds of Christian churches with the gospel of Jesus. What does Muhammad teach in the Qura'n? Or rather what is the teaching given in the Qura'n? For Muhammad was a psychic, and through him spoke Another than he! Do we not read in the very opening verse of the Qura'n that God is the Compassionate One? *Allah-O'-Rahman*! Yes,—for He is Love!

Of another aspect of the Spirit of Love speaks Zoroaster when he makes Fire a symbol of the Divine. Fire purifies : and so does the Spirit of Love!

"Teach me how to love God!" said a bright young man to me. And I said to him :—"Love is not taught: love is caught!"

When the *Atman* looks at you, you are ravished by its beauty, and love springs spontaneous in your heart. "But Oh," you say, "we wander in lovelessness : we call for the coming of the Spirit of Love." Yes, I say, call on Him, like Radha in the ancient story. Call on Him with tears of Love :—"O come! King of my heart!" And He will come and fill your life with a new light, and your *karma* with a new meaning, and your very sufferings with a new inspiration. And you will know that He, the Master of Masters, the Lord of Life and Death,—He is the creative *Shakti* of the worlds. For He is the Spirit of Love.

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"ALL THE PATHS ARE MINE!"

THERE is a beautiful legend which says that in the olden days God spoke from Mount Sinai. And when He spoke, the Voice was heard by the people, as they listened from east and west, from north and south, from earth and heaven. But each man,—we read,—heard the Voice in his own tongue.

That story is suggestive of a great truth. The One Voice of God has spoken to all but has, in its utterance, become many. The One Religion has become the many religions of the world. And this truth has been intuited by the great religious geniuses of the race.

So one great Sufi writer says :—"The ways of God are as many as the breaths of man." And a text in the Gita expresses the same idea wonderfully well :—"On whatsoever path men approach Me, on that I go to meet them. For all the paths are Mine!"

Prophets of the race, in east and west, have glimpsed this great truth. And yet there is conflict in the religious world.

Rivalry in religion, as it seems to me, is due to two things,—want of knowledge, and lack of sympathy. Sometimes, there is lack of knowledge : sometimes, there is lack of sympathy : and often, I think, there is lack of both.

There are some who believe that there is but one and full and final revelation of the Spirit; so that those who stand outside the circle of their own faith must necessarily be in error. Again, there are some who approach the religious problem in no spirit of sympathy. They fix their attention on certain aberrations and extravagances of a particular religion and say, "Look here, this religion is a monstrosity!"

So it is that quarrels, discord and hatred, have entered the religious world. Religion, which was meant to be

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a bond of union, has become a source of sectarian strifes.

I remember, many years ago, while in Europe, I received an invitation to speak at a Church. The minister of the congregation took the chair. I spoke on "The Wisdom of Higher Life." The reverend gentleman was very kind. At the close of the lecture he said, that evening they had "listened to a non-Christian but to words of inspiration."

Then a friend came to me and said :—"There is one little thing I wish to communicate to you. The question of your being invited to speak here was brought before the committee of the congregation, and one member of the committee objected to your being invited at all on one ground :— 'So and so is an Indian and a heathen!' "

What a wonderful teaching comes to us from Sri Krishna in the ancient words :—"I am in all religions !"

Greece and Rome, Carthage and Assyria, Egypt and Babylonia have vanished, and are today a memory of the past; they are gone, but India lives on. And if the history of man be not an aimless pursuit of shadow-shapes that come and go, but a sacred scripture showing a purpose of the World-Will, is there not some great meaning in this survival of India?

India has survived the many shocks and changes of time, because I believe India is meant to be the standard-bearer of a great message. I believe that India is meant, under the grace of God, to be an interpreter to the nations of a religion of reconciliation, a religion of harmony. But India may not enter upon her world-mission if you and I will not strive to verify in every day life the vision of harmony and love.

Religion is Love! The highest force in life is Love! Love is in truth the profoundest philosophy of life! For Love is expansion of the self. The Lord of Love is the inspirer of all religions. And the paths of all converge to a common centre.

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A UNIFYING RELIGION

ABSOLUTE Religion,—is it possible on this plane of evolution?

Such a religion must rise above the barriers of geographical frontiers and racial concepts. Can the Christian churches ever have a hold upon Hindu India? Can Islam ever convert Christian Europe?

It seems to me no one of the existing religions may reasonably hope to be accepted by all peoples.

Men have different temperaments, different levels of growth and call for different *dharmas*.

The idea of a synthetic or unifying religion appeals to me better than that of "Absolute" religion! Go to a garden and listen to the birds! They sing different songs which blend into one beautiful song. The different songs of different religions may, also, be blended not, I submit, in a new creed, but in some mighty, unifying personalities summing up in themselves the essential teachings of different religions.

Not words, not concepts, but their embodiment in creative personalities is what will make, more or less, an universal appeal. Among such creative personalities are, I humbly submit, Krishna, Buddha, Jesus, Francis, Nanak. All of them have this one thing in common,—simplicity. It is the simple that appeals to all. The poor are often artistic and the simple is, often, the most attractive.

A unifying religion must study sympathetically the different *sadhanas* and rituals of different religions. Sympathetically and, therefore, symbolically. Vedic hom, Buddhist images, Christian sacraments, Muslim fasts, Parsi fire-worship, Greek mysteries, may all be interpreted symbolically.

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THE KINGDOM OF HAPPINESS

THE modern man is proud of his progress, his science, his commerce and mechanical inventions. This scientific age is, to many, the age of wonders; yet is man unhappy still! This age of wonders is, also, an age of deep unrest. There is weariness in many hearts. In this mechanical age man is becoming, more and more, a machine himself. Not until he rises above the machine into a realm of the *Atman* may man be truly happy.

* * *

The Kingdom of Happiness will be given thee by no prophet or saint. Thou must take it thyself! "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven," said Jesus. Which means :— "May Thy will be done by us on earth as the Blessed Ones do Thy will in the Heaven-realm!"

The Kingdom comes in the measure in which we do His will. The Divine with man is the witness of all religions, of all forms of religion, including polytheism. If God were not with us, we would cease to be. From the beginning is the Spirit with us.

We attain to the Kingdom in the measure in which we are with Him in consciousness and loving cooperation. I speak of cooperation between God and man; for God respects man and would not *coerce* him.

* * *

To attain to happiness, rise above the conventional, above the popular, above even some so-called principles which are prejudices,—personal or inherited.

Viveka is necessary, for *viveka* is consciousness of a new order more moral than the current one. But *viveka* must be distinguished from that pseudo-conscience which is a

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voice of custom or egoism.

Every hour is humanity being wounded in the house of her own children. There is piteous need of healers.

* * *

Think, too, of the sufferings of animals in the name of civilisation or science. Vivisection claims the authority of many a scientist. Meat-diet is regarded as the diet of the refined, civilised man! Who will save the animals?

* * *

It is necessary to build brotherhoods that would bear witness to the Kingdom. They who would belong to the brotherhood must take the four vows of (1) purity, (2) poverty, (3) service, and (4) meditation.

* * *

Don't confound the Kingdom of Happiness with "Paradise,"—a word which means, according to Xenophon, "the parks and pleasure-ground of the Persian monarch." The "Paradise"-concept is external. Happiness is essentially of the Inner Realm.

Happiness is not "pleasure." The Hindu rightly regarded the *Patala* (the "Inferno") as a realm of pleasures, a realm where jewels, wines, brandy, music, palaces, were among the pleasures to be enjoyed!

The Greek story of Psyche and Eros is suggestive. It traces symbolically the progress of the soul through trials and suffering to happiness. *Tapasya* is the key to happiness.

The Kingdom belongs to the twice-born. The very Gods, methinks, must be re-born and must go through struggle and pain and experiences of a friction-plane before they pass from their *swarga-loka* into the Kingdom of the *muktas*, the Kingdom of the Freed Ones, the Kingdom of Happiness.

* * *

A village girl went to a well to draw water in a pitcher.

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It broke. The girl began to weep. Her tears fell into the water. A *Devi* appeared. She said to the girl :— "Be not sad, my pretty one! These tears will some day bring you joy!" The tears travelled through the water to the sea, and from the sea up to a cloud, and from the cloud to a rainbow and then from the rainbow fell into a rose! And one day the girl walked into the garden and saw the rose, and loved it, and felt very, very happy !

* * *

To the poor in spirit belongs the Kingdom. The mystic Persian poet, Hafiz, regards poverty as essential to genius. Every spiritual genius has, like Buddha and Jesus, joined the brotherhood of the poor.

* * *

Alfred the great was in exile. His mother was with him. A beggar came asking for food. There was but one loaf in the house. Alfred's mother was about to turn out the beggar. But Alfred reminded her of Jesus, saying that the Lord had fed thousands on a few loaves. Alfred's mother was moved. She gave half the loaf to the beggar.

That night, a saint appeared to Alfred in a vision and said :—"Alfred! that beggar to whom your mother gave half the loaf was the Lord Himself. Blessed are you! Your kingdom will be restored to you!"

Blessed are they who serve the poor. Of such is the Kingdom of Happiness.

* * *

They who would help the coming of the Kingdom must preach and practise the Humanism of Love.

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THE LAW OF HUMILITY

YOUNG men have often asked :—Why must we have humility ? Is it not enough if we do social good? What need has a social worker, a national leader, of humility?

May I remind such young men of the old mystical teaching that the worker is the Secret God and man only His instrument? If the consciousness would grow upon us that the Worker, the Helper, the Saviour of the Nations is He Himself, we would cease to be proud. Humility springs spontaneous out of this sense of God as the Great Worker.

Zarathushtra gives us a significant picture of Hell. He says :—"In Hell though the souls are as close to one another as are the ears to the eyes, and as numerous as the hairs in the mane of a horse, yet every one feels himself alone!"

Much of the misery of modern life comes from loneliness. Much strength may come to us out of a sense that in our work we are in contact with a Greater-than-ourselves. In consciousness of dependence on the Divine, in a sense of allegiance to the Living Infinite Ideal, is the richness of life.

Humility is not self-condemnation. It is self-renunciation. Humility, at its highest, is being nothing. And to be "nothing," to be a "zero," is to meet the Secret God. It is to see Him as the One Mighty Worker.

Mistaken are we if we think that we are making a New India. The more I study the events of recent years, the more I feel that the Lord is making India, not we. He is the Worker. Blessed we if we strive to be His instruments. And in the measure we are truly humble, He works through us for India, for Humanity.

There are young men, today, who say they do not believe in God. We do not know if God exists, they say, but we

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wish to be of some service to the Nation. Why need we be humble, they ask?

There is divinity in that doubt; and I honour such young men for their frankness. They will not surrender their conscience to conventional God-concepts. There are young men who honestly feel drawn to Nietzsche's "gospel." With him they hold that what is needed is not humility but the will-to-power, aggressiveness, hardness.

To these young men,—honestly agnostic and eager to serve the Nation,—I say :—You, too, need humility. Humility is a demand even of the deeper spirit of modern life.

Its two important aspects are :—(1) passion for science or knowledge; and (2) love of activity. The modern mind is scientific and activity is congenial to the modern man. Science and work are congenial to modern consciousness. I believe many young men can help India by scientific investigations and activities. But if you will consider the matter carefully, you will see how important is the place of humility in science. The scientific man must have the willingness to learn, must have the teachable temper, i.e. the humble spirit.

There is a tendency among young men, today, to talk without the discipline of study. It is a tendency essentially unscientific. Truth and humility go together. Reverence for truth makes the heart humble. And the dominant mood of seers of science is that of Newton who said he was as a child picking up pebbles at the shore of Knowledge. For the vision of science is a vision of the Infinite.

In that Infinite of Nature, the whole of this earth is but a speck. In that Infinite, Arcturus is a hundred times bigger than our sun which itself is a million times bigger than our earth! In that Infinite are stars so distant that their light takes millions of years to travel to us. In that Infinite are worlds upon worlds!

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There is the Infinite of Nature not only in the depths of skies but, also, in the tiny grain of sand and " microscope " beings. There is the world of the "infinitely small." Can the brain of an ant compass Einstein? No more may you compass the Infinity of the cosmos.

The realm of knowledge is a limitless universe. And the scientist can only sit as a child before Nature to learn of her the secrets which she would not give to the proud. Huxley has well observed :—"Sit down before facts as a little child and follow humbly wherever Nature leads you, or you shall learn nothing."

Activity is another aspect of modern life. The modern man is so busy, he finds little time for prayer or meditation. Must a man of action be humble?

To young men who ask this question, I say :—I may not give you a logical proof. All I will say is :—Wait and see!

Work for your society, your country. Work for the cause dear to you. Work on for years together. You then may know how the more you act, the more humble you become. You work for years together. You struggle hard for the cause. Then you find you have been able after all to do so little!

Charles Bradlaugh was called an "atheist"! But how much he loved India! One wished there were more such friends of the Indian cause among Englishmen, more such servants of humanity. Many years ago, friends of the Indian movement presented him an address : it expressed gratitude to him for what he had done for India. That great Englishman made a moving reply. He said he had not deserved all they had said of him and his "services." He had tried, he said, to do what he could for India. But he significantly added :—What can one man do? Yes, that is the feeling which grows upon every servant of the

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Ideal, every one who spends himself in the service of a great cause :—"What can one man do?" This feeling grows after years of struggle and work. And when it grows, we understand the value of humility.

Much there is, I admit, in the dominating civilisations which is a revolt against the spirit of humility. Much there is that is aggressive in our life today. Sometimes one thinks of what Spencer said many years ago :—"We are rattling into barbarism!"

Many of India's young men, too, confound the good with the will-to-power. But there are groups scattered in many lands,—groups of men and women seeking after the Secret God. They believe in the beatitude :—"Blessed are the poor in spirit!"

To the humble, the poor in spirit, indeed, belongs the Kingdom of Heaven. Not the earth! Not yet. But some day, so believe I, the earth will pay homage to Heaven. Some day civilisation will be charged with the *Krishna-Shakti*, the Christ-Force. That Force, coming from the Spirit-Kingdom, is, I believe, already at work. And our comrades on the other side are, as it seems to me, busy breaking down the barriers which stand between our civilisation and the life of the Spirit. The barriers cannot stand for ever. The *Krishna-Shakti* must one day conquer. For the world's need is piteous : and many, many move in the world, today, as heart-broken in the quest.

The higher consciousness of humanity is beginning to pay homage to the child-soul. "There should be no masters of children, only servants," said Dr. Montessori. In a new reverence for the Child-Spirit lies, to my mind, the solution of the modern problem of liberty. And the daily deepening faith within me is that the poor,—the poor in spirit,—will build the New Temple of Freedom.

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THE SECRET OF GROWTH

A young Prince comes to the Buddha and says :—"Master! accept me as thy disciple."

The Buddha is silent!

"Speak to me, Master!" says the Prince. "Tell me how to deserve to be thy disciple."

Then the Buddha says :—"Go and live the right life, and meet me after seven months when the rainy season is over."

The Prince returns, when the rainy season is over.

"Now tell me what life you have lived," asks the Buddha.

And the Prince says:—"I returned to the palace and resolved to live a pure life. I shunned *bhoga*. I turned away from sensual gratifications."

"And tell me," says the Buddha, "how you treated your wife."

"Master," says the Prince, "one day she did not obey me and I lost temper and spoke to her roughly."

Then says the Buddha :—"Young Prince! you are not ready yet for the disciple's life. You were angry. You lost your temper. Anger springs from pride. Purity is not enough. To purity add humility."

Not without reason did Jesus say:—"Blessed are the poor in spirit." And the great Sikh Teacher says in the *Sukhmani*:—"Truly happy are the poor."

Yes,—truly happy, truly blessed are the poor. The poor in spirit! I know of poor men who are proud. I know of rich men who are humble. It is no outward poverty the great teachers regard as the essential of spiritual life. You may be poor; you may be rich. What is essential is "poverty in spirit," humility of the heart.

The will-to-be-humble is the secret of growth in God.

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Are you easily offended? Are you suspicious? Are you upset when others speak ill of you? Have you a secret desire to be popular? Are you dictatorial in your talk and conduct? Are you irritable, artificial, ostentatious, complicated in your life? Are you unkind to the poor? Are you overbearing to those who are socially your inferiors?

The cause is lack of humility. The humble are simple, straightforward, gentle, kind, reverent. "Except ye be as little children," said Jesus, "ye cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

When we forget this, we have quarrels and controversies in the name of religion. They spring, often, from pride. Is truth your monopoly, my brother, and denied to those who do not have your religious hall-mark? Is not truth infinite? Can it be the monopoly of any one sect or society? Is not God the Lord of all or is He the King alone of one community?

I love to think of different religions as so many flowers in the one garden of God. In a garden you grow the rose, the lily, the daisy, the violet. You grow different kinds of flowers. Each has its beauty, and they all make the garden fair. So is the garden of Truth all the fairer for different faiths. When I forget this and in pride set up my religion as superior to yours, I generate the heat of controversy and strife.

Life, not lip-belief, is the real test of my religion. O, let us live religion not talk it! Let us grow in humility and we shall end the sorry spectacle of religious quarrels in this country. Many paths lead to the mountain-top. Many roads take us to the temple. Pilgrims are we all, though the paths be many. And though we wear different labels, we would know,—if there were humility in our hearts,—that our King and Leader still is one. Differences are no reason why we must quarrel. Differences only deepen harmony and make richer and stronger the music of the Spirit.

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MEETING THE SECRET GOD

To meet the Secret God is to see the world of knowledge from a new height. There is, today, among young men the curiosity to know. But true knowledge is a progress from wonder to wonder.

In an ancient Celtic story, we read of a God who, out of curiosity, looked in at the window of a house where sorcerers were preparing a magic potion. And out of it, from the cauldron, rose a poisonous smoke which reached the God's eye and made it deadly for those on whom it would look.

Such a deadly eye is the knowledge born of mere curiosity, is the knowledge that works without devotion to humanity, without worship of the Ideal.

The knowledge that makes us humble moves in a world of wonder. It is the knowledge that sees the Immaterial,—the Infinite,—in the material, recognising an intense source of energy in the nucleus of an atom, and growing in perception that the very structure of "solid" atoms is not material but a *shakti*, an energy which takes material forms. Such knowledge becomes a vision of the wonder of the world.

What can one man do? You save a few hundreds from famine and sickness and distress; what about the millions of India? You save a few in your city or province. What about the great mass of peasants and labourers in the country?

What can one man do? With this experience comes a feeling of self-surrender to another than ourselves, a *shakti*, a Spirit without whom we feel forlorn, poor and weak. Meeting the Secret God, we realise a new dignity of human

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life. We realise our kinship with Shakespeare and Shelley, with Shankara and Kant, with Krishna and Christ. For we become instruments of a *shakti*, a Creative Force, that is flowing down from God to this earth-plane.

Is it a mistake to attribute humility to God Himself? The Infinite has entered the bonds of matter. The Highest has taken the lowest place. And the bonds of God in the kingdom of man are even greater. God has surrendered Himself to us, leaving it to us to enthrone Him as the King of our Civilisation or banish Him as the Great Exile.

Nietzsche's "superman" is an embodiment of aggressive power, exploiting others in the interests of a pseudo-aristocratic ideal. The true "superman" is the great man who serves God with an humble heart. The true superman is humble, not aggressive. The true superman is a child for whom to be cut off from God is to live in a dark unknown, in a night without a star. One message of India's great ones,—the true suspermen of the India that was truly great,—is :—Find your wisdom, your strength, your true greatness in Him.

That message I fain would ask young men to keep in their hearts. In that message is our hope in the coming days. For it means that we are not alone in the struggle. It means that, though we stumble and suffer, there is promise of victory. It means that, in spite of many wounds and many scars, we belong to a great army. It means that God is our Captain on the field. It means that failure is heroic and suffering beautiful.

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LITTLE ONES OF THE LORD

The primitive man found it easy to be in touch with Nature. He almost felt himself to be a part of Nature. He had not the paraphernalia of "civilisation." These are often a barrier between Man and Nature. To live with Nature is to learn humility.

The modern man is, perhaps, more intellectual, but less intuitional. The intellect distinguishes, analyses, separates, as intuition seizes in one swift synthesis the "wholes" of life and experience.

The self-critical consciousness of the modern mind must rise to a higher stage, that of spiritual culture. It unifies, it develops a synthetic philosophy of life.

Shakespeare has not the heavy self-consciousness of the civilised scholar. Shakespeare was Nature's child. Shakespeare's mind was illumined by a culture of the Spirit. And did not Darwin feel the growing wonder of the World? Evolution does not mean elimination of the spiritual. "There is in man," said Darwin, "something more than the breadth of his body." Newton, Shakespeare and Darwin are, to my mind, the three creative geniuses of Britain.

The greatest scientific intellect of today, perhaps, is Einstein. His theory of relativity,—is it not a scientific corroboration of the spiritual law of humility? Your knowledge is relative to your reference-mechanism. Therefore be humble. No man has the monopoly of truth. Therefore be not proud. Know your proportions in the realm of the Infinite.

To grow in knowledge is to be more and more child-like. Be child-like. Be simple. The portals of the temple of wisdom are opened unto the little ones of the Lord.

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THE HINDU VISION

WHAT is wrong with modern Hinduism? Its disintegrating tendencies and divisive forces.

It brings tears to my eyes to see the work of the Rishis and Acharyas wrecked by our pride and individualism. And sometimes, we cover up our sins of division and quarrels by talking of *dharma* or conscience. *Dharma* or conscience or *viveka* is not proud. But our conduct and words have a sting of the serpent of pride. We have trampled upon the Hindu vision of unity and human solidarity.

Hinduism has suffered at the hands at once of the orthodox and the educated. The latter see in the Ancient Faith little more than a mass of superstitions. The orthodox see in the Hindu Faith customs and creeds which cannot change. But surely, the *Sanatana* does not mean the inflexible. The Eternal is not the inert. The Eternal as a principle of Life puts on many forms. Evolution is a necessity of outer manifestation. Everything evolves. Religion, too. And the earlier we recognise the evolution of Hinduism, the better for its message to the modern mind.

Hinduism is not a fixed deposit or a static "revelation." Hinduism is a spirit, an outlook, an urge, an ideal, a vision. The Rishi's Revelation! What is it to you? All revelation is personal, not formal. Hinduism must not become a cult. Hindusim should be a life,—a new life lived in the Lord's presence every day.

If Shankara came back to us, how many of the *mandirs* will he recognise? Many, alas! have stifled the free spirit of the Hindu Faith! Build up new temples to release forces of regeneration.

All Hindu Acharyas, all Hindu philosophers and theo-

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logians revere the *Vedas*. Why is this unique position assigned to the *Vedas*?

The Rishis were Seers. They "saw" the *Vedic mantras !* How? Only in a later period were the *Vedic* songs committed to writing. Did the Rishis see them first in a Yogic or inspirational state,—see them spread out before their inner eyes,—see them in some psychic script on the inner plane? The Rishis saw with the psychic vision of the pure and the inspired.

What silly attacks on Hindu ceremonies! Interpret them as symbols : how beautiful! Misinterpret them as fables : how foolish! The Ancients had, it seems, developed a doctrine of signatures, a symbolic language. Without a key to Hindu symbolism, we easily indulge in cheap criticism of the Ancient Faith.

One of the symbols is the cow. The key to cow-symbolism in Hinduism is Nature-idealism. The cow represents the Earth. Krishna, the *Gopala*, is Krishna the World Protector. The Krishna of Devaki was a manifestation of the Cosmic Krishna.

Then there is the serpent symbol in Hinduism. The serpent has the sting of death. No man may attain to life without experiencing death. The Tree of Life is guarded by the serpent Death. "Through death, lead us into Life," prayed the Rishi. In its sting of death is the wisdom of the serpent. The wise accept the challenge of death unafraid; they know that death itself is a form of life!

Hindus! when will you take a new pride in your scriptures and teach them to yourselves and your children in the schools? O, for some to reproclaim the Ancient Word for releasing the *shakti* imprisoned in the Hindu race! O, for some in every province of India to bear witness to the fact that the true national culture of India is culture of the soul!

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THE WORLD IS WONDERFUL!

Maya is not illusion. *Maya* is the "relative" ever striving to reach the Illimitable which is at once Wonderful and Indescribable.

Look at yon stars! Every one of them is a sun. And beyond these stars are other stars, systems of stars. This solar system is but one: beyond it are others!

World upon world! Universe beyond universe! Space above space. All space is curved, says Einstein, and the universe is "finite yet unbounded"! This wonder is indescribable. So Shankara called it *anirvachaniya*, "what transcendeth speech." The universe is *maya*, so wonderful it is! Einstein would have us believe that a ray of light would require 1,000 million "light years" to go round the universe! One "light year" means six billion miles! We live in a universe of 1,000 million "light years"! One trembles at the very thought! It is indescribable. The wonder is too vast for words. The world is *maya*.

Is not *maya*, too, a good epithet for matter? Aristotle disparaged matter as "inert." Plotinus condemned it as the principle of evil. There were Christians in the Middle Ages who, despite the Catholic Church's doctrine of sacraments, despised matter as beggarly. I wish to think of matter as a medium or manifestation of the *Atman* in a dynamic world,—a phase of the creative process into which the Spirit has plunged Itself in order that It may multiply Itself.

What is illusory is not the existence but independence of this world. Matter is not independent but is an expression of an idea, a mind, a dynamic spirit. In all roses is immanent the idea of a rose. In all forms and functions

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of matter is immanent a principle of Intelligence, an activity of a Cosmic Mind.

Is it wrong to think that even in matter there is an inner life? Some dim awareness, some sub-feeling of self-possession? Is it mere poetry to think that the tree enjoys the breeze which over it blows?

May we not regard the Universe as a form of the Infinite Self, the *Atman*?

Things are His thoughts thrown on the surface. *Maya*, then, far from being an "illusion" is an appearance,—a significant appearance. Are not space and time, too, appearances? Or projections of an Infinite Self? And what are we? If we but dived deep within, there would come a realisation of the truth that we are empty "holes." Blessed they whom He fills with notes of the matchless music of His Flute!

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GLIMPSES

THE Kingdom of the King of Kings is in the Cavity of the Heart.

* * *

MEET temptation if you would meet the Lord!

* * *

BEHOLD the *sthula* in the *sukhshama*, the infinitely great in the infinitely small!

* * *

YOUR treasure transcends the earth.

* * *

NOT to have loved the Lord is not to have lived at all.

* * *

VIOLENCE is weakness.

* * *

No better than a reed?—you say. Therefore strong,—I say. The reed bends, but does not break.

* * *

LOVE unarmed is strong. Hate with battalions is weak.

* * *

IN the failure of Idealists is the victory of the Future.

* * *

THE reward of love? Poverty and persecution.

* * *

To save others, lose yourself.

* * *

BE soiled if you would worship Him who is pure and fair beyond compare.

* * *

To be truly great is to be a servant of the Lord in little things.

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